

Brooklyn, August 11, 1836.

My dear Henry:

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Yesterday, the stage from Providence did not arrive till 12 o'clock - fourteen passengers furnishing some excuse to the poor jaded horses, but none to the unaccommodating and selfish stage-company. Father returned from the Post-Office, bringing with him only a New-York Sun, and quite disappointed, as usual, that he received no letter from Providence. Soon, however, our countenances were all made quite cheerful at the presence of Mr. Taylor, who brought us a small parcel for sister Mary, and also a few pencilled lines from you, which were read with deep interest - for we cannot express to you how much solicitude we feel on your account, and wish we could promptly receive a daily bulletin informing us of the state of your health. Thanks to God for the improvement which seems to have taken place! May it be permanent. My soul yearns to see you fully convalescent, and engaged once more in the great duties of active life. In the mean time, remembering our mortality, and that afflictions are sent for our instruction, let us endeavor to cherish a child-like submission to the will of heaven, and to be resigned as well in sickness as in health. As for myself, I think I feel myself entirely crucified to this hollow world - to its honors, its offices, its applauses, its censures, its riches, its pleasures, its seductions - so that I have but a single desire to live yet a little longer, viz. that I may be instrumental in doing good, and in carrying on the strife of Christ against the empire of Satan. If, by



the assurance of hope, "we know," and rejoice in the knowledge, "that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," then may we "groan," not in view of our dissolution — O no! but "earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that, being clothed, we shall not be found naked."

I often take delight in repeating the following expressive and animating lines of Dr. Watts:

"Do flesh and nature dread to die?

And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?

But grace can raise our hopes on high,

And quell the terrors of the grave.

What! shall we run to gain the crown,

Yet grieve to think the goal so near?

Afraid to have our labors done,

And finish this important war?

Do we not dwell in clouds below,

And little know the God we love?

Why should we like this twilight so,

When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

When we put off this fleshly load,

We're from a thousand mischiefs free;



Forever present with our God,  
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

No more shall pride or passion rise,  
Or envy fret, or malice roar;  
Or sorrow mourn with down-cast eyes,  
And sin defile our souls no more.

'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,  
To go where tempters cannot come;  
Where saints and angels, ever blest,  
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly home."

What ills flesh is heir to! Poor Frank Harley, — to be cast down upon a bed of sickness just as he is about to be united with dear Eliza Chace! The speediest recovery, submissively, be his.

Bro. May will make a visit to Boston on Friday of next week — probably I shall accompany him. Whether he intends going by the Worcester or Providence route, I do not know: However, in going or returning, P. will be visited, and, of course, yourself. As soon as it may be deemed best for you, all the household desire to see you in Brooklyn. Thus far, the weather this summer has not been very propitious to one in your condition. I presume you take good care to be warmly clad, especially with flannel: it is important that you should do so.



On Monday and Tuesday I was quite sick, so that I could not attend to my editorial duties, to any extent, for this week. My review of Dr. Beecher's speech seems to make some fluttering in certain quarters, especially my remarks upon the sanctity of the Sabbath.

North Lynn Ct  
August 11  
Single. — Paid.  
Paid 6

Mr. Henry E. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.

Care of Benson & Chase.

I perceive that fresh attempts are making to renew the strength and popularity of the colonization scheme. Tillotson made a speech in favor of it at Hampton on the 4th ultimo. Judge Robinson is full of it.

Tell George his little girl is certainly much better. Our boy is very hearty, and weighs 17 lbs. We are all well. You shall have another letter from me soon. Affectionately yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.